

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# EXTRA.

## 2 O'CLOCK.

### AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Hackneys the Chief Attraction of To-Day's Exhibits.

Bad Weather Fails to Diminish the Crowds of Visitors.

Mrs. Cleveland the Cynosure of All Eyes Last Evening.

The rain, fog and mist have combined to make things as uncomfortable and disagreeable as possible for New Yorkers during the past two days. This apparent league of the elements to produce the most dismal weather on record has had little effect in dampening the enthusiasm of the swell patrons of the horse show.



They turned out in full force to-day as usual, and last night, when old Boreas was blowing great guns as he swooped down upon the city loaded with water enough to set every street a-flooding like a river, Madison Square Garden was thronged with the members of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred and the thousands of other fashionable belonging to the outer fringe, all eager to be in the swim.



A RICH JURY.

They certainly had no difficulty in getting their equally favorable. Not a box was vacant. The ladies wore the most gorgeous toilet, and the great majority of the men present were in evening dress. The line of carriages in Madison avenue extended up and down the street on both sides for five or six blocks, and there was no end of confusion and bustle when the big gathering finally broke up and the people began to think about getting home.



MR. GEO. GREEN'S EXHIBIT OF PONIES.

The visitor who attracted the most attention at the evening show was Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President-elect, who sat in the front of the carriage near the fourth avenue side of the arena. The wife of the President-elect was modestly attired in a gown of some dark material, the simplicity of which afforded a marked contrast to the showy dresses of most of the women who surrounded her. During the entire evening she was the center of observation, and her box was continually surrounded by throngs of her friends, who came to pay their respects to the future first lady.

This morning the show opened at 9 o'clock, as usual, with the parade of the horses in the ring. Every one to whom was brought out to exercise, and the prize winners were decorated with their rosettes and ribbons. There was a good sized attendance even at the opening ceremony, and the crowd increased in numbers as the morning wore on.

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### AT THE HORSE SHOW.

### THEIR MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

A Stranger Barricaded Herself in the McCarthys' Bedroom.

It Took Three Strong Men to Subdue Her.

A light-blue-eyed young woman, perhaps twenty-five years of age, was transferred to Bellevue Hospital early this morning from St. Vincent's Hospital. Soon afterwards she sank into a state of coma, from which it was feared she would not revive.

According to Saloon-keeper McCarthy, who was on post at Prince and Bleecker streets, saw a young woman pass, who attracted his attention from the fact that, although somewhat queerly clothed, she had an air of refinement unusual in the wanderers in that neighborhood.

The woman was clad in a long checked wrapper, gaudily covered with figures, but what drew more attention, she wore a pair of yellowish-colored slippers on her sockless feet.

Several minutes later the policeman heard piercing shrieks issuing from Saloon-keeper McCarthy's apartment, and he rushed to the door.

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